

Tasteful Service, Professional Fun

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Tasteful Service, Professional Fun

by [Asharyn](#)

Summary

Ryuko and Satsuki meet at a party. Naturally, they hate each other. Too bad, so sad for them because one of Ryuko's professional engagements will soon force them together.

Chapter 1

Satsuki was at a party. She found it very annoying.

“WHAT?” she shouted, for the fifth time to Nonon over the blaring EDM. A man, obviously drunk, waddled behind her to get to the bar, crashing into her on the way. Satsuki sneered and lurched forward, stabilizing her red solo cup to keep whatever god-awful craft beer inside from sloshing out. Nonon grabbed Satsuki’s lapel and dragged her head down to her mouth, this time screaming directly into her ear.

“WHERE. IS. SANAGEYAMA?” Nonon released Satsuki, then puzzled at the lapel she was just holding. “Why are you wearing a blazer?” Satsuki sighed and flipped her hair over her shoulder, but quickly flipped it back when she realized it was dangerously close to the “mood lighting”—a collection of black candles that obviously came from a sex shop.

“If I knew I wouldn’t still be here.” Satsuki idly dipped a finger into the puddle of body wax dripping onto the table, “and I thought this was a different kind of party.” Nonon scoffed.

“You knew the monkey was throwing it, right?” Satsuki narrowed her eyes and didn’t answer, instead reaching up to dot Nonon’s nose with the wax on her fingertip.

Satsuki screeched as a pair of sticky hands covered her eyes, but the loud music kept anyone from noticing.

“Guess who?” Sanageyama said in a sing-song voice. Satsuki batted his hands away. “Awesome party, right?” He insisted on chewing his gum right in Satsuki’s ear, and she backed away quickly.

He paused to drunkenly pull his phone out of his pocket, attempting a few times to shove his hand into the tiny decorative pocket on the inside of his sidekicks. “Satsuki, check this out,” he said, offering her his phone. “The...” he paused to waggle his eyebrows “The girl... I brought to this party thinks you’re hot.” Satsuki cocked her head, puzzled.

Is he proud that he managed to convince a girl to come to his party? She scanned the room, confirming it was filled with men and women alike.

“Who is this girl?” Her question seemed to deflate Sanageyama, and his face, already red from the alcohol, quickly turned purple.

“Well, I, uh,” he coughed, casting his eyes towards Nonon in a plea for help as Satsuki continued to stare at him. “I invited... I mean I paid... There’s a girl here.” Nonon only shook her head, seeming to enjoy his discomfort.

“Yes, Sanageyama,” Satsuki said sharply, her voice growing shorter and shorter as her patience deteriorated, “there are lots of girls here.” Satsuki snatched his phone and read the words on the screen.

Ryuko <3 <3 smiley face with a tongue sticking out said at 9:53PM:

By some hot chick.

Satsuki scanned the crowd again, this time looking for someone who looked like they'd be willing to go out with Sanageyama.

Ah. There she is. Satsuki's eyes alit upon a girl who looked like she'd just finished her shift at Hooters. Satsuki held eye contact with the girl as she shuffled a little before stepping towards their group. She continued to hold eye contact the entire time the girl walked, daring her to say something to her. Satsuki watched her saunter up, pause, then reluctantly wrap her arm around Sanageyama's neck.

"Hey there, hot stuff," she drawled, and Satsuki kept staring at her, this time more shocked than anything. "This is an amazing party."

"No, it's not" Satsuki said, right as the music paused, and everyone surrounding them turned to stare at her as she shouted over what used to be loud music.

"You could say that," Sanageyama said, totally ignoring Satsuki's outburst and puffing up his chest and possessively locking an arm around the girl's hip.

"Why don't you introduce me to your friends?"

"Guys," Sanageyama said, "can I introduce you to my..." he seemed to falter for a moment, once again pointedly avoiding Satsuki's stare. Nonon began to outright laugh, holding onto her solo cup with both hands as if for dear life.

"Friend," the girl interjected, flashing a toothy grin. Satsuki hated that tooth.

"I'm sorry," Satsuki growled, drawing her eyebrows down into a frown as if to scare Ryuko's incisors back into her mouth. "Who the fuck are you?" The girl let out an exasperated sigh, her stance and demeanor openly mocking. Lazily, she reached into her back pocket and drew out a red and black business card. She all but tossed it at Satsuki.

"Matoi Ryuko, pleased t'meet'cha." She flashed her teeth. Again.

Satsuki narrowed her eyes, hiding that she had to squint to read the red text printed on the black card in the dimly lit room.

Matoi Ryuko. Tasteful service. Professional fun.

What does that even mean?

Satsuki unzipped her clutch and pulled out one of her own business cards, assuming Ryuko expected one of hers in return.

"Kiryuin Satsuki." She offered the card out to Ryuko who took it with a lot more hesitation than Satsuki had been expecting. She didn't even look at it and unceremoniously jammed it into her back pocket before turning to whisper into Sanageyama's ear.

The audacity of Ryuko's actions was enough to garner even Nonon's reproach. Satsuki looked down at her and they shared a knowing look.

"Rude is as rude does, Satsuki." Nonon quipped.

"What the fuck was that?" Ryuko all but barked and Satsuki could feel a certain excitement welling up at the context of a fight breaking out. Especially if it meant she was going to get an opportunity to slug Ryuko in her already far too crooked mouth.

To her chagrin, Sanageyama stepped in to intervene. He swayed precariously, his drunken center of gravity shifting further than he was expecting.

"Now, now, ladies, c'mon," his voice was meant to be charming but it all came out as a mess of slurred vowels. "There's plenty of me to go around."

Satsuki restrained herself from scoffing. The absolute absurdity of anyone finding Sanageyama attractive- let alone any more than one- was truly a joke. She watched on in amusement as Nonon and Ryuko both angled their fury at him. With an abrupt movement, Ryuko slammed her foot down on top of his and he yelped.

"The hell was that for?!" Satsuki could tell by the way his mouth angled down into a frown that he was disappointed his charge didn't find him charming. "I'd expect that sort of behavior from Nonon, but not from you too, Ryuko!"

"Well, I was planning on doing something much worse if you would prefer that, monkey." Nonon's voice was filled with venom.

Satsuki found herself repressing an eye roll. Her head felt like it was swimming and the music was starting to grate on her nerves. It seemed her evening was going to end prematurely, regardless of her desire for wanting to leave already.

"Well, this was..." she started, trying to find a word that was both telling and polite at the same time. "Something."

Nonon piped up beside her. "Satsuki and I are gonna leave this shit party now, monkey."

"What?! But you just got here!" he whined. "At least drink some more!"

Satsuki, whose cup was still almost entirely full, suddenly realized that if that's all he wanted she could certainly oblige. So she upended the cup into her mouth, slamming it back despite the mixed taste of hops and the sweetness of citrus, before handing the cup over to Sanageyama when she was finished.

It took her everything she was worth not to cringe as the flavor set into her tongue.

"Thanks again for the invite, Sanageyama. See you on Monday." Satsuki kept her words clipped and immediately turned away, her brain swirling around in her skull as she did so. She hoped it would be enough to keep Sanageyama from complaining the next time they saw each other.

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this is the. best. party. ever. Ryuko typed out over the filter on snapchat. The picture was of herself- a selfie in a dimly-lit room surrounded by what felt like at least a hundred people. She sent the story off, receiving near instant gratification when a text from Sanageyama popped up in her notifications.

where you at? , it read.

by some hot chick , she replied, glancing from her phone and up at the woman in question. She was good looking, Ryuko thought to herself, regal and elegant but with just a little bit of a resting bitch face. Totally Ryuko's type. *she's wearing a blazer? who does that?*

After a few moments of waiting for the “replying” bubble to appear in the chat, and getting only slightly frustrated when it never did, Ryuko again went back to ogling the lady in the business-casual attire. It took her a second, but as soon as Ryuko caught sight of her she realized she'd been found out. Across the room and through a swath of people they'd, unfortunately, locked eyes.

It was with a mix of curiosity and reproach that she found herself scrutinized, and there was a sudden urge that rose up in Ryuko to immediately walk over and mince some finely chosen words with the lady. Except, Sanageyama was standing right beside her, and he too was looking Ryuko's way with something akin to a puppy's love in his eyes.

Swallowing back a bit of nervous anxiety, Ryuko shoved her phone back into the tiny back pocket of her short-shorts and began to wade through the crowd to where Sanageyama was. He had, after all, paid for her services that evening. At least five hundred dollars worth, which for Ryuko, meant that he got to pretend that she was willing to be anywhere near him and maybe a little extra if he wasn't a complete and utter ass.

It was only when she was within three feet of him that Ryuko was finally able to join the tight little knit of people he was talking with- himself, a gremlin-looking girl, and the woman who was bound and determined to melt a hole into Ryuko's face with the glare she was giving.

“There you are,” Ryuko drawled, hamming up the affection in her voice as she draped an arm around Sanageyama's neck. “Your party is really kickin', huh?”

He shuffled a bit, his face flushing an even deeper shade of red as Ryuko purposefully pressed herself into his side. “Y-you could say that.”

“Aaw, c'mon, there's no need to be nervous,” she cooed in his ear despite the absolute lie it was. “Are these friends of yours?”

Recovering from his sudden bout of embarrassment, Sanageyama assumed a more confident pose, his arm wrapping around Ryuko's waist as he gestured at the length of her body. Ryuko tried not to take offense to the action but could feel herself bristling regardless.

“Guys, this is Ryuko.” he paused when the two women pinned him with blank stares. “My, uh,”

“Friend.” Ryuko interjected before he could sputter anything else that might frame her in a bad-light.

He deflated a little but recovered in record time when the gremlin spoke up.

“Friend?” she asked with an air of disbelief.

“I’m sorry,” the woman in the blazer spoke up, finally relinquishing the death-glare to close her eyes and scrunch her eyebrows together in confusion. “ *Who* are you again?”

Ryuko groaned internally, reaching into her back pocket and retrieving one of her business cards. With an absolute lack of grace she held it out between them.

“Matoi Ryuko.” she said, giving the friendliest smile she could in the process. The woman gave it a cursory glance before unzipping a pocket on her clutch and producing a business card of her own. Ryuko wasn’t certain what to do when she offered it to her, but she took it all the same.

“Kiryuin Satsuki.” Ryuko almost couldn’t make out what she’d said as the music began to pick up again. She acknowledged the transfer with the slightest bow of her head, jamming the card into her back pocket before turning to Sanageyama and whispering in his ear.

“What the hell?” he shrugged his shoulders before turning and whispering back.

“She’s sorta just like that.” Ryuko made a soft mmm noise in response, even though she knew he likely wouldn’t hear it.

“I see rude is as rude does,” the gremlin spoke up, her voice so high and nasally that Ryuko thought it might shatter glass.

“What was that?” Ryuko growled, pinning her with a look that she hoped was menacing enough to pacify such a meager person.

The girl looked like she might throw down right there, and probably would’ve had Sanageyama not physically put himself between them. “Hah, now, now, ladies, there’s plenty of me to go around.”

They both shot him daggers but Ryuko was first to physically punish him, jamming the heel of her shoe into his toes.

“Ay-! Hey!” he gave her a look, attempting to relay some sort of confusion about what might have upset her. “I expected that sort of sour behaviour from Nonon. Not you, Ryuko.”

“Oh, trust me monkey, I was just about to do something worse.” Nonon shot back.

“Y’all are so damn mean to me, even after I invite you to my party!” Ryuko rolled her eyes at the pouting tone in Sanageyama’s voice. He was definitely not going to be getting any sort of special treatment that evening, she decided.

An awkward tension was beginning to build between the four of them. Ryuko looked up to find that she was yet again the center of attention; all of their eyes on her. She wasn't entirely certain what the cause was, but she knew she absolutely hated it.

God this is going to be a long fucking night. Not worth the money. I wish some old sugar momma would just pay me to fuck her. That would be sooo much easier.

"Well, this was—" Satsuki started, her eyes darting between Ryuko and Sanageyama.
"Something."

"Yea, Satsuki's really just trying to tell you she wants to leave your shit-ass party, monkey."
Nonon translated.

"What?!" he had the audacity to look like none of it was his fault. "But you just got here!
Drink some more, at least!"

As if taking his words as a cue, Ryuko watched as Satsuki lifted the solo cup in her hand to her mouth and chugged the entirety of it. The swill Sanageyama had chosen for the beer of the night had been absolutely undrinkable to Ryuko, so she watched on in amazement as Satsuki's throat bobbed over and over to drink the liquid down. When she was finished she held it out to Sanageyama who dumbfoundedly took it.

"Thanks again for the invite, Sanageyama. See you on Monday."

With that, she turned on the toes of one foot and disappeared, Nonon following on her heels. Ryuko watched on as the throngs of people seemed to inherently know to move out of her way. Luckily for her, it meant she got a big eye-full of her ass as she walked out. It was, Ryuko decided, probably the nicest ass in the whole building. Even though it was wearing a skirt that looked at home on an elderly woman.

"Well, she was *nice* ." Ryuko looked up at Sanageyama with a knowing grin. He just sighed and scratched at the back of his head.

"That's Satsuki for you," a chuckle left him as he disengaged from Ryuko to grab her hand, "she's not really one for social events."

"You don't say?" her tone was mocking. "Well, I'm out too. Your money went as far as it's gonna for the night, dude."

"What?!"

With the grace of an expert, Ryuko wormed her fingers from his and winked in his direction before slipping away.

The rest of the night, which Ryuko spent hopping from club to club handing out her business cards, was uneventful. As she finally flopped into bed at three in the morning, all that was on her mind was hoping that her client base would grow soon so she could stop having to rely on Sanageyama's slimy money to get by. The whole ordeal at the party was like a far off

memory by the time she slipped into sleep, and when she woke the next morning she'd forgotten about it entirely.

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I must have drunk that too fast. Is it drank or drunk? I'm drunk.

Satsuki managed to wobble up the steps to the house, clinging harder than usual to the polished marble balustrade. She found herself in much better spirits after extricating herself from that horrible party and spending some time enjoying walking home under the stars, but the longer she walked the more she could feel the alcohol pulsing in her veins.

Oh god is that why the beer was in a punch bowl? He spiked the beer? Satsuki smacked her lips together, searching for the taste of hard alcohol.

Ah, there it is, she mused as she finally caught the bitter taste of tequila hiding under the IPA. *No wonder it tasted so bad.* Satsuki slowly went down on her knees, nearly falling over as her long pencil skirt restricted her movements. She was content to slowly crawl up the stairs, but the crunch of tires on gravel behind her had her heart beating in her ears.

Oh no. Mom's home. Satsuki tried to stand up and dart through the double doors of the mansion, but for some reason she just continued to crawl at a snail's pace as the doors seemed to move farther and farther away. Before she was even aware of any time passing, the limousine was parked directly behind her with the brights shining directly onto her as she pulled herself up yet another step. Wozily, Satsuki turned around and shielded her eyes, glaring into the tinted windows.

“Go away!” she shouted, slowly falling back onto her elbows, still not even halfway up the steps. Defeated, Satsuki crossed her ankles and resigned herself to pretending to be casually lounging on the steps as her mother stepped out of the limousine.

“Hello, Mother,” she said, slowly and deliberately to hide any slurring.

“Oh Satsuki,” Ragyo said, easily scaling the steps to stand over her.

Show off. Satsuki thought.

“Satsuki, you’re drunk!”

“I certainly am not, Mother. I am enjoying the evening.”

“Do you really think I haven’t looked in the mirror enough to know what drunk looks like?” Ragyo took Satsuki under the arm and pulled her to her feet, gently ushering her inside. Satsuki’s face burned, but she allowed Ragyo to help her inside before pushing her away. “You have to be careful, darling. Someone might take advantage of a beautiful girl like you.”

“Oh wow,” Satsuki said, venomously, “Wouldn’t that make you jealous?” Ragyo laughed and pinched Satsuki’s cheek. Satsuki swayed and Ragyo pulled on her face to keep her upright. “Ow, stop it!”

"Look at you! What did you drink?" Narrowing her eyes, Ragyo took Satsuki by the shoulders, "You *were* only drinking, Satsuki?"

"Yes, Mother, you know I don't--Cut it out!" Ragyo was rifling through her pockets, pulling the contents out and dropping them on the floor. She found some change, a pen, two pipe cleaners and Ryuko's business card, but no drugs. Ragyo sighed in relief.

"If you ever feel like you need to turn to drugs," Ragyo said, making eye contact with Satsuki. Satsuki rolled her eyes, but stopped when the circular motion made her feel like throwing up. "I want you to come to me."

"Why, because you have all the good stuff?" Ragyo huffed and released her, crossing her arms and pouting.

"Why do you fight me, Satsuki? I do nothing but take care of you."

"Yeah, I wish you would finally 'take care of me' and strangle me to death."

"You're no better than that dog of yours."

"Still better than you, Ma!"

Satsuki struggled a bit to adjust her clothing after the pat-down, but it was getting to the point where she could barely hear what Ragyo was saying to her. In as dignified a manner as she could manage, she spun on her heel and headed for the basement. She was certain Ragyo was saying something, but she could spare no effort to do anything but struggle to close the door behind her.

She really hoped Ragyo didn't hear her falling down the stairs.

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The place was enormous. Ryuko couldn't have imagined in a million years that she would have the opportunity to stand in front of such a marvel of- of- a mansion? She figured the correct term had to be mansion. After all, it looked like it had over fifteen rooms, at least, and the front doors were adorned with golden lion head knockers. She puzzled at their shimmering rainbow manes 

I've finally done it, she thought. I've finally hit the jackpot!

So she took one of the lion heads in her hand and swung it against the door three times. The wait was filled with the thought of the phone call she had received that morning. The voice that had been on the other end of the line had been... sultry. It had melted through the earpiece and drowned Ryuko's mind in a warm blanket; smooth as shea butter.

"I'd like you to join me for brunch today," she'd cooed. "Two sharp- I assume, ten will be enough?"

"Ten?" Ryuko had asked dumbly, not certain what the number was specifying.

"Oh, darling, ten thousand dollars. That's enough for your tasteful service, isn't it?" Ryuko choked on the bite of cocoa pebbles she'd been about to swallow. It took her a moment, sputtering and attempting to cough up the food that had fallen into her windpipe.

"Sh- yea! Ten-thousand, o-of course!" she had jumped up from her seat and was pacing in her kitchen, a hand nervously combing through her hair.

"Then I'll see you tomorrow, Matoi Ryuko."

The line had went dead before Ryuko could respond. Good thing too, because she had nearly passed out from the excitement.

Her attention snapped back into focus when she heard noises on the other side of the door. There was the distinct sound of bare feet slapping against tile before the door was wrenched open to reveal-

Oh shit, Ryuko gawked, that's the crazy lady from last night.

Indeed is was. Satsuki stood, frozen in place, her eyes bleary and blood-shot. She looked exhausted, her hair mussed up on one side and the bath robe she had on barely concealing anything at all. Ryuko let her gaze sink low, drinking in the vast amount of skin revealed between flaps of white soft-looking cotton, before realizing she was staring at Satsuki's breasts.

Before Ryuko could ogle any more the door slammed shut in her face and she was left to stand there stunned, mouth gaped open and her eyes flitting about.

What the hell is Kiryuin doing at my client's house? Ryuko wondered. The woman that had spoken to her last night had sounded much older- much *nicer* - than Satsuki had at the party the night before.

The door swung open again, the hinges creaking like only rich house doors do. This time, the woman on the other side of the door was definitely not Satsuki.

"Mon cherie , Matoi Ryuko," the woman offered an elegant hand out to Ryuko. Each digit was long and thin, and a fat diamond ring sat on her right ring-finger. Ryuko, never missing an opportunity to be suave, cupped those fingers in her own and leaned over to deposit a gentle kiss to the bony knuckles there. "My name is Kiryuin Ragyo, welcome to my home."

Puzzle pieces were starting to fit together as Ryuko's brain attempted to hammer them into place. This was her home? Her client was Kiryuin Ragyo? So, what, Kiryuin Satsuki is-

"And this is my daughter," Ragyo stepped to the side, her pure white ball-gown trailing her with almost ethereal weightlessness, revealing a Satsuki who was staring at Ryuko with a mix of consternation and fury. Ryuko could swear that if she knit her eyebrows together any further they'd look just like a chubby black caterpillar. "Kiryuin Satsuki."

"Excuse me," Satsuki spoke up, her tone exactly as short as it had been with Ryuko last night.
"Why are you here?"

"Oh, Satsuki, you should really be more polite to my guests," Ragyo spoke, her voice a silk cloth with a dagger concealed beneath.

Satsuki leaned back on one of her feet, crossing her arms over her chest and wagging an index finger. "Your *guest*?" she started, closing her eyes in concentration. "That -" she pointed at Ryuko, who had the audacity to look hurt by the action, "is your guest?"

"And *that* -" Ragyo gestured to the disheveled bathrobe Satsuki had on, "is what you're wearing to brunch today?"

"I'm sorry," Satsuki responded, mockingly contrite.

"Uh, should I come back another day?" Ryuko asked, feeling awkward watching the verbal battle ensue between mother and daughter.

"Absolutely not! I'll have no such thing," Ragyo snaked an arm around one of Ryuko's, pulling her inside the mansion as Ryuko's sneakered feet squeaked on the marble flooring, silently protesting. "After all, we have *all* day to enjoy each others-" she shot a look at Satsuki who sneered in disgust, "*company*."

"Well, you certainly found someone worthy of your company, Mother," Satsuki scoffed.

"Come now Satsuki, it's nearly brunch time," they had already swept past Satsuki and down the hall. Ryuko swung her head back, glancing over her shoulder to give Satsuki another curious glance before Ragyo brusquely guided her from the entryway.

"Holy shit," she exclaimed, her eyes having just managed to catch a glimpse of Satsuki's bruised knees and shins. "You look like you got thrown down a flight of stairs, Kiryuin."

The room they'd entered into was like the fancier version of a hospital cafeteria. All white sterile walls with the longest white and black marbled table Ryuko had ever seen sitting smack dab in the middle of the room. Satsuki, who had followed the pair into what Ryuko figured was the dining room, scoffed so loudly it reverberated in the wide space. "Oh, you see, I spend Saturday evenings giving blowjobs out of the kindness of my heart."

"I do hope you saved room for brunch, sweetie," Ragyo remarked as she pressed Ryuko down into a seat at the end of the table. With the utmost grace she sat herself adjacent to Ryuko, at the head of the table, before setting her chin on her fingertips and pinning Satsuki with a playfully predatory look.

Ryuko caught the moment that Satsuki's lips parted briefly, poised to spit something out, before being abruptly shut with the force of a frown. She stomped her way around the table and, while giving Ryuko the most reproachful glare she'd been given in her whole life, yanked the chair out from underneath the table with such force that the legs squealed against the flooring. Ryuko found herself suppressing a yelp in the back of her throat at how painful the sound had been in her ears.

The silence that ensued was painfully awkward. There was the faintest sound of a clock ticking in the distance and try as she might, Ryuko never could pinpoint the direction in

which the ticks seemed to come with every passing second. Ragyo, who had long since stopped staring at Satsuki, was now angling her sharp crimson eyes at Ryuko. It felt like there was nothing left to bare in front of her, and Ryuko fidgeted slightly, attempting to give her a polite smile while feigning ignorance at the big toe she felt slowly creeping up her shin.

There passed only the briefest moment where Ryuko feared she might have gotten a lot more than what she had bargained for. Then she remembered the fat-stack of cash she was going to get for putting up with everything and suddenly found herself caring a whole lot less. Even when that toe began to slide into the territory between her thighs.

"Tell me, how do you know my Mother?"

At the other end of the room from them the double-doors swung open dramatically, heralding the entrance of another woman that Ryuko was unfamiliar with. She bobbed when she walked- too much toe and not enough heel in her step- and her blond pigtails bounced along with her. No one but Ryuko seemed to even notice her, hell, she didn't even seem to notice any of them as she sat herself down next to Satsuki. The headphones that she had on were blaring music. Ryuko listened intently and eventually deciphered the song as "Hollaback Girl" by Gwen Stefani.

The unmistakably electric feeling of her clitoris being touched through the scant material of her panties brought Ryuko's attention back to Ragyo even as she attempted to stifle the gasp that haphazardly left her with a sharp intake of air. Ryuko, her face starting to feel hot, glanced about the room and attempted to concentrate on the conversation at hand even as she felt herself being stroked in a manner that shouldn't have even been possible for toes to achieve.

"Huh?" she tried not to sound as dumb as she was certain she looked.

"I asked-" Satsuki started, getting cut-off by the clatter of food carts being rolled into the room.

"Now, now," despite the tone and words being meant for Satsuki, Ragyo never let her eyes wander from Ryuko. "Satsuki, you should know better than to ask our guests such unimportant questions. Isn't there something more *interesting* you could talk about?"

"Sorry, the only thing you seem interested in is me and I'm, sadly, not a narcissist."

Ryuko, who was caught up in watching the professionally dressed crew place covered plates on top of the plates that had already been set out in front of them, barely registered the words being spoken. Between the whirlwind of bodies around them and the persistent sensation between her legs, Ryuko was having a hard time focusing on anything at all. She'd always been a light-weight when it came to sexual experiences. In fact, Ryuko had always been unabashedly proud of that fact since it made sex a particularly fulfilling event for her no matter how lackluster the performer usually was.

And, unfortunately for her, she was beginning to realize that Kiryuin Ragyo was far from lack-luster.

Before she could even begin to reign in the sensation of it, the downhill slide into her orgasm had already begun. Ryuko found herself attempting to hide her pleasure by vigorously coughing into the crook of her elbow, partially concealing her telling face there as well. When the sensation subsided Ryuko felt the invading foot retreat away from her body and upon stealing a glance in Ragyo's direction she'd found to be finally freed from her rapt attention.

Satsuki, on the other hand, was still glaring at her. Even as the servants revealed the food, completely in sync as they removed the shiny cover that had been concealing the food from them, she continued to pin Ryuko to her seat with just her eyes.

With a thick swallow Ryuko averted her attention from Satsuki to the food in front of her. The bowl there was rimmed with gold and filled with a bright-green soup that Ryuko couldn't even imagine what was made of. Probably some kind of vegetable? She pondered the curious dish, idly debating with her hand outstretched what utensil to use for it. Eventually she settled on a spoon that was both significantly more flat and wide than the others. When she looked up and found that no one was paying attention to her, she figured it was probably fine to just eat with whatever she wanted and began to dig in.

"Hur—" the first bite was DISGUSTING and Ryuko struggled to swallow it down. She'd been expecting a normal soup, something hot and savory, but this was ice-cold and sweet.

"What is it, Matoi?" Satsuki asked, her voice betraying a hint of amusement. Ryuko, who was putting another spoonful into her mouth, nearly spat it out. "Don't appreciate palate cleansing dishes?"

"Isn't that what water is for?" she asked with absolute seriousness.

Satsuki closed her eyes and pinched the bridge of her nose before sighing heavily. "This is what you invite to brunch?" she gestured at Ryuko, while directing the question towards Ragyo.

"I just figured I could use some extra *professional fun* today," Ragyo winked at Ryuko before continuing on, "and ever since your poor father passed- God rest his soul- I've been *so* lonely. Especially since I have a certain daughter who never pays me any mind."

The conversation, shifted by Ragyo's obvious call-out, forced Ryuko's attention onto Satsuki even as the servants began to bustle about. She was surprised to find that while Satsuki was still staring at her, she was more so staring *through* her. Far away in thought. Her eyes were darting about, angling down and to the left, then up and to the right, a deep-seated line forming between her eyebrows. It smoothed out a second later as her eyes widened in a sudden moment of clarity that shone through.

It was like Ryuko could read her mind at that moment, Satsuki's eyes becoming a side-scrolling LED sign that read in bright-red lettering.

THE BUSINESS CARD.

A moment later it was gone and Ryuko was chilled to find absolutely no emotion left in Satsuki's hollow blue eyes. She shifted her gaze down to a new plate that had been swapped for the empty soup bowl she had cleaned well before Ryuko got distracted.

The new dish looked more familiar to Ryuko, though only from old episodes of Chopped that she had binged out of boredom. It was a type of eggs benedict, plated in full five star glory with chives sprinkled across the top and a bright hollandaise artistically splattered across the white plate. When Ryuko cut into the egg on top of English muffin with a butter knife the yolk drooled out across a thick piece of lobster that had been concealed beneath a layer of cooked spinach. She moaned audibly as soon as the flavor of it hit her tongue.

"Do you find the food to your liking, Ryuko dear?" Ragyo drew her name out, all emphasis on the ooo and koh.

"Fuck, this is the best food I think I've ever eaten," she spoke without thinking.

"Oh? Consider this but the appetizer," with an arm so long and lithe Ryuko swore it could wrap around her twice, Ragyo reached out to feed Ryuko a bite from her plate. She took it between her teeth without hesitation. Satsuki made a noise somewhere between choking and puking.

"Well this has been lovely," Satsuki stood up so fast her chair slid across the floor and came to a rest a few feet behind her.

"Come now Satsuki, at least drink your tea before wandering back off to that dreadful hole of yours," with a languid wave of her free palm Ragyo gestured to the full cup of dark liquid that sat beside Satsuki's untouched brunch. "Even you deserve to have a wonderful Sunday."

Even to Ryuko's untrained senses she could feel the predatory malice behind those words. Ragyo's eyes shone like rubies in the stained glass lighting of the room. Ryuko only then realized that the angels depicted in the panes of shimmering glass, in their stunning detail, looked an awful lot like Satsuki. Their countenance all long flowing black hair and stunningly pale skin.

Without a word, Satsuki reached down and picked up the tea between her fingertips. There seemed to pass a tangible vibration of excitement from Ragyo as she did. The buzz of anticipation faded with a "tsk" from Ragyo as Satsuki swapped her teacup with the one that sat beside the other unnamed girl at the table. The girl, still blasting music, the song now "Toxic" by Britney Spears, picked it up without even realizing, and sipped gingerly at it.

"Thank you again for a wonderful brunch Mother, I couldn't be happier to be part of this family," Satsuki spoke, her words drenched in sarcasm, before hastily leaving the dining hall. The double doors she passed through slammed shut behind her.

Ryuko found herself relaxing once her presence had left the room, only to have her anxiety pique again at the feeling of cold fingers spidering across her shoulders. There hadn't been any noise and yet Ragyo stood behind her. An instinct, somewhere deep in Ryuko's psyche, told her to flee. One word continued to cross her mind.

PREY.

“Now, my lovely Ryuko,” those fingers, so freezing, so demanding, slipped up the length of her neck and cupped around her chin to tilt her head up. With a firm and wanton lust that Ryuko found intoxicating, Ragyo pressed their lips together. “Shall we move on to the third course?”

“H-how many courses are there going to be?” she managed to sputter.

“Oh, huehue,” there was amusement in the way laughter spilled from Ragyo’s grinning ruby lips. “My dear, this is a culinary experience. There should never be any fewer than five courses for such.”

Ryuko swallowed hard enough for it to be audible. She thought again, and not for the last time that day, that she most certainly had bitten off more than even she could chew.

Chapter 2

Broken and battered didn't even begin to describe the way Ryuko's body felt after finally being released from the master suite. She was certain that if it hadn't been for the multiple water breaks Ragyo had allowed her that she would have collapsed. At first she'd even attempted to count her climaxes, always amazed to have even more than a single one with any of her regular clientele, and found it to be useless. You couldn't count an orgasm when it lasted for five minutes and felt like ten all in one.

So she ambled down the marble staircase. Her inner thighs, calves, and glutes aching with every step downwards as she clutched to the bannister.

God fuck, she thought to herself as she reached the bottom and had to sit down on the last step to catch her breath. *What time is it?*

She patted at the pockets of her booty shorts, zipped up her fly because it was down, and found her smartphone to be missing. A groan escaped her.

I ain't walking up those fuggin' stairs to get it, she told herself.

Glancing around she noticed an odd door at the end of the entryway that she'd previously missed in all the excitement. It was a dark mahogany, completely unlike the rest of the white interior of the mansion. At the bottom of it, a large plastic flap covered a hole that looked just big enough to fit a person through.

A moment passed where Ryuko weighed her options. She was exhausted. Going home felt like an odyssey in comparison to just lying down on the cold hard ground and letting her client chew her out in the morning. At least, Ryuko figured it was sometime in the early morning as the house sat illuminated with warm candle light from sconces along the walls.

Fuck it, she threw her arms up in faux frustration before crawling down the hall to where the door was.

It took her a little wiggling around the hip area to squeeze through the entry way. She slipped through it with little issue, not even considering to try the knob to see if it was locked, and began to slide down a flight of slick wooden stairs on her front. With her body as thoroughly worked as it was, she went down like a sack of potatoes and didn't catch herself once the entire time. She hit the tile flooring at the bottom with a heavy thud.

“Aaeeeiii,” she hissed between gritted teeth, the pain from her shoulder slamming into the ground too much for her to contain

There wasn't a sound at first. Ryuko wiggled her toes and fingers, making sure that her appendages weren't broken before trying to push herself up into a sitting position. Then, in the distance, Ryuko picked up on the abrupt sound of metal clinking against metal and a hollow scraping noise. It grew louder even as she realized what the sound was.

Oh no, she'd heard it before multiple times from her delinquent days of breaking into guarded auto lots. eBay paid well for hood ornaments in those days but she'd soon realized it wasn't worth it for one reason and that reason rounded the bend at the end of the dark hallway.

The shadow moved with a deliberate pace, sliding against the tile as its claws tried to gain traction against the slippery surface before catapulting towards Ryuko. She raised her arms around her head and curled into a fetal position as the Rottweiler descended upon her, and she braced for the sharp pain of teeth to sink into her soft spots.

It never came, though. Instead, the dog viciously began licking at her forearms and thighs and ears, attempting to get at any exposed skin with its tongue.

"Ah! No! Stop that!" Ryuko batted at it but all that served to do was show more skin for the rottie to slobber over.

"Stella!" the voice, firm and clear, broke through the near silence of the night time with such a commanding power that even Ryuko found herself willed into action. She prostrated herself on the ground, sitting on her knees as the Rottweiler, Stella, sat down beside her.

A light flicked on and at the end of the hall stood Satsuki, still in her bathrobe, and a scowl plastered across her face.

"Matoi." Ryuko winced at the tone Satsuki spoke her name with. It was like being branded. "What the hell do you think you're doing? Do you have any idea what time it is?"

"Uh," Ryuko thought about lying and decided against it. She fussed at her hair and looked away while responding. "I kinda left my phone upstairs and uh, didn't want to have to go back to get it."

The sigh that Satsuki let out read like a novel of repressed frustration being set loose. She turned on her toes a second later before commanding Stella to heel. Stella, who hadn't budged from Ryuko's side, continued to sit there.

"You should prolly go," Ryuko told the dog and Stella looked at her with the smartest black eyes she'd ever seen on a dog before getting up and waddling after Satsuki.

The light flicked off and Ryuko found herself alone in the dark. She didn't know if she was a full-fledged guest in the space she'd found herself in but stood up and continued down the hall regardless.

Better than going home, she found herself thinking about how excruciating the hour long taxi home would be. Not that she didn't have money, Ragyo had handed her that sweet stack of cash as soon as she'd finished with Ryuko. It was the thought of sitting in the car itself that had her willing to press her luck with Satsuki's generosity.

The hallway opened up into a large living space. Ryuko saw a giant L-shaped leather couch tucked into one corner and a squat kotatsu in front of it. To her right was a kitchenette, granite countertops and stainless-steel appliances furnishing it in quaint hominess. Off to her left were four doors, all the same dark-grained wood as the one upstairs, and only one was

propped open. From inside it, Ryuko could see warm light spilling out and the faint noise of a television playing something; the volume was too low for her to tell.

She attempted to sneak up to the entryway and was immediately greeted with Stella sitting up abruptly in a huge bed.

“STELLA.” Satsuki's voice came again and Stella grumpily stood up, shook with a loud rattle of her blue leather collar, and jumped down from the bed. The door abruptly shut in Ryuko's face as soon as Stella left the room, and she was left again in darkness.

Deciding that it would be best not to rummage through the closed doors, Ryuko moved back to the couch she had seen and flopped down on it face first. If Satsuki wasn't going to tell her to leave she figured that was invitation enough. Afterall, Ryuko mused, if Satsuki didn't want her there she would've said so, right?

So instead she fell asleep with Stella sprawled heavily across her prone body. Both snoring contently.

MEMORANDUM OF AUTHORITIES

FACTS

On the night of October 25th 2018, I returned home from a party in a sober state at approximately 11:26 PM. Kiryuin Ragyo, at this time, was arriving home as well. Upon entry onto the premises together she proceeded to frisk me, removing various items from my person including one(1) business card from a Matoi Ryuko. The card read, in its entirety “Matoi Ryuko. Tasteful Service. Professional Fun.”.

Upon waking the next morning on the day of October 26th at approximately 12:45PM, I heard a knock coming from the front-door. Confused, I answered and opened the door to be greeted with having to see Matoi Ryuko again for the second time in twenty-four(24) hours. After shutting the door, it was reopened by Kiryuin Ragyo who proceeded to allow Matoi Ryuko onto the premises under the pretense of “brunch”.

We proceeded to “brunch”, which was a meal of water, tea, a cucumber soup for the first course, and the main course was a lobster and spinach eggs benedict. Matoi behaved strangely during the meal. I noted a flushed tone to her face as well as pained expressions. During the meal, it was also observed that Kiryuin Ragyo attempted to slip a foreign white powder into the tea that I had been about to drink. She successfully deposited the illicit material without the notice of anyone but myself. At this point I excused myself from the table, switching my tea cup with that of Harime Nui's. I have monitored her status and have found her to be unconscious for the better portion of twelve hours, since October 26th at approximately 2:00 PM until October 27th at approximately 2 AM.

During this time period I was also aware of multiple foreign noises. The noises are not limited to the following: female screaming, unintelligible and boisterous conversation between two females, other unassorted vocalizations of sexual/sensual natures. It was upon

hearing these uncomfortable sounds that I decided to turn my attention to attempting to watch television until death sleep would take me.

At approximately 3 AM on October 27th I heard a noise from the entrance to my residences. Upon further investigation I found that it was Matoi Ryuko. It appeared that she might have used the doggy door at the top of the stairs and fell their length to the bottom. I questioned her about her illegal entrance and upon receiving no answer, proceeded to return to my room. Stella, my female spayed Rottweiler, slept in the living room. I found her next morning along with Matoi Ryuko on my couch.

JURISDICTION

My own fucking house.

SUMMARY OF ISSUES

1. Kiryuin Ragyo has introduced a reprobate into my environment, and as a result I am permanently and irreparably harmed.
2. Kiryuin Ragyo has had sex with above aforementioned reprobate, disregarding societal norms of standard appropriate behavior and adding to the uncomfortable sexual environment as discussed originally in the April 4, 2007 brief and expanded upon in briefs dated April 8, 2007; June 23, 2007; December 14, 2007; March 4, 2008; July 12, 13 and 14, 2008; August 1, 2010; September 21, 2010; November 3 and 12, 2010; February 3, 2011; March 24, 2011; September 4, 2015; February 13, 14 (US Holiday “Valentine’s Day”), and 15, 2016; October 12, 2016; December 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, and 25, 2016; May 14 (household holiday, “Kiryuin Satsuki’s Birthday”), 2017; and June 26, 2018.
3. Kiryuin Ragyo has attempted to drug me with a variety of opiates and suppressants, showing a pattern of disregard for my personal safety and desire to interfere with my faculties.

CONCLUSION

Proceed with extreme caution.

XXX

It was the sort of miserable headache and neck pain combo that would usually keep Ryuko in bed for the rest of the day. Unfortunately, the feeling of claws digging into her back and the heaving weight of a ninety pound rottweiler launching off her spine was the sort of wake up call she couldn’t ignore.

“Matoi.”

Ryuko groaned, smacking her lips loudly so she could develop enough saliva to talk. Pressing herself up from the leather couch with both her palms, she found Satsuki seated adjacent to where she laid. She was folded up into the oddest egg-looking chair thing, her knees tucked loosely to the side, a tea cup perched precariously on one leg while she held a book firmly

with the other. Satsuki's eyes were wholly invested in the book so Ryuko let herself glance down at where her breasts were nearly exposed between the folds of her robe.

"Matoi," that time her tone when she spoke Ryuko's name was deadly. Ryuko's eyes shot up and away, focusing on the rest of the room.

It was at least midday. The windows that lined one side of the living room were full of misted sunlight from floor to ceiling. They looked like the sort of fancy panes of glass that Ryuko had read about before from a tech magazine, those ones that could dim themselves somehow (she hadn't taken the time to read the article, only the headline). For miles Ryuko could see the rolling cityscape that sat beneath where the manor was perched; she remembered the twists and turns of the road that the cab had taken to get to the entrance of the place and felt herself become nauseous.

At least Satsuki had decided to stop calling her name.

"Hey," Ryuko started then coughed, hoping to sound less like worn down brake pads, "hey, what time is it?"

With much effort Ryuko eventually managed to flop into a sitting position. One of her hips felt out of place, it was evident in how it throbbed down the side of her leg. She really couldn't believe how uncomfortable that damn couch had been to sleep on. Who just buys a couch that isn't worth sleeping on?

When she got no answer Ryuko focused on Satsuki again. She glanced from her face, to her breasts, to the book in her hand- it was titled "The Scarlet Letter", and then back to her face. Satsuki still hadn't looked at her.

"It's 2:59 PM on October 27th."

Awfully clinical, Ryuko thought. "Awfully clinical." she repeated to Satsuki.

She seemed unperturbed by the quip as she raised the tea cup to her lips and slurped. Ryuko grimaced at the sound.

"Oy," Ryuko attempted to get her attention. No dice. "you got any food around here, Kiryuin?" she continued on. Satsuki kept reading, her eyes scrolling from side to side, blatantly ignoring Ryuko.

Whatever, Ryuko huffed and briskly rose from the couch. Her spine popped in five different places as she finally straightened it for the first time in nearly ten hours. The noise that came out of her was involuntary; it was *like* a groan, but a groan with an O-face. Whatever it had been, Ryuko knew it hadn't been polite in the slightest. She flinched instinctively, keenly aware that Satsuki was likely to pounce on the opening.

Nothing happened. The room remained silent, save for the soft ticking of a clock- far less intrusive than the invisible one upstairs had been- that sat hanging above the couch.

Well she didn't say no, Ryuko thought before waddling off to the adjoined kitchenette.

The countertops were absolutely pristine, a well-polished granite all dappled black and white with deep shades of caramel throughout. There wasn't a speck of dirt, not a damn crumb, on any surface in that space. Ryuko had never thought a kitchen or any dining area could be that clean. Afterall, between her roommate Mankanshoku Mako's constant need to deep-fry her foods and Ryuko's own inability to pick up her dishes, their apartment was practically a biohazard zone.

Ryuko rummaged unabashedly, making sure to slam the cupboards as she went along- unfortunately it turned out that they were soft-close and didn't slam no matter how hard Ryuko threw her weight into them- until she found one with cereal in it. *If you can even call this cereal*, she shook the box of Wheaties, disappointed. It was more than halfway full and, had Ryuko decided to read the expiration date, would have realized it was expired.

Eventually she was also able to find a bowl and milk (the milk, thankfully, was not expired) and headed back to the living room. Satsuki, still seated in her egg chair, was suddenly engrossed in a laptop. Her fingers tapped at the keys and wiggled against the mousepad as she did, well, whatever smart people did on laptops Ryuko assumed. *Probably hitting the random button on Wikipedia*, she snorted. *Whata fuckin' nerd.*

"Oy, Kiryuin," Ryuko started, her mouth full of half-chewed cereal, " when'd you get up? I didn't even notice you leave."

Her fingers were like furious little bird beaks, tacking away at the keys. Ryuko chomped on the Wheaties in her mouth. She'd decided they weren't all that bad afterall and shoveled another bite into her mouth.

"Oy," she coughed a little and hoped Satsuki didn't notice. "Oy, whatchya doin'?"

Satsuki ignored her and Ryuko grew ever more irritated.

Why. Won't. She. Talk to me?! She frumped; setting her jaw and scrunching her nose up while crossing her arms over her chest. The cereal sat precariously in her lap, gripped firmly between both of her knees.

There was really no reason for Ryuko to want Satsuki's attention- she just wanted it. The fact that Satsuki was actively avoiding giving her what she wanted left her feeling frustrated. So, so, frustrated. It was like a white hot worm was writhing right beneath her heart, curling and twining ever deeper inside her. Uncomfortable.

"Whatever." Ryuko unfurled herself and shrugged, just managing to catch the cereal bowl before it toppled to the floor. She brought it to her mouth and slurped at the milk loudly until it was gone then tossed the bowl onto the nearby kotatsu. It skidded across the wood top and tipped over, causing the spoon to fly off and clatter to the ground at Satsuki's feet. She didn't even blink.

The silence of the room was only broken by the sound of Satsuki's incessant typing and the ticking of the clock. Ryuko glanced up at the latter; it was 3:36 PM. Ryuko decided it was all suddenly too much. The poor night of sleep before, the bad food, the awful mood Satsuki was obviously in... she patted down at her pockets, hoping to find her phone only to remind

herself that it was likely still upstairs. Still in the master suite. Still far too many flights of stairs to even remotely interest Ryuko in putting forth the effort to get it.

Why does life have to be this way? She huffed and started to dig through her pockets for a piece of gum, or a wrapper to a piece of gum that she could fold into a tiny paper bird... and that was when her fingers grazed against the rough paper at the bottom of one of her pockets.

She grasped at it desperately, withdrawing the item from her pocket and holding it up in triumph. It was a doobie. In all it's moist glory. Ryuko thought she could kiss her non-sober self for having the foresight to pack such a wonderful treat away for her sober self.

Thank you, stoned Ryuko, she wiped at her eyes and pretended they weren't tears of joy. *You are truly the most generous and kind-hearted person I know.*

"Oy," Ryuko dug through her shorts a little more, hoping to find that stoned-Ryuko had also packed her a lighter. "Oy, Kiryuin, you got a light- oop, nevermind. Found it." She pulled the lighter from her back pocket and put the doobie between her lips. As an afterthought she paused after the first few failed attempts at getting the lighter to catch. "Oy, do you mind if I smoke?"

Satsuki paused for the briefest moment in her typing and Ryuko's heart-skipped a beat. *Yes, c'mon,* she urged, the lighter still at mouth level.

Nothing happened. And Ryuko's hopes were dashed. So she sparked the lighter and started the difficult process of trying to get the joint's paper to catch after being drenched in her pocket sweat. Eventually, after many aggressive puffs, the doobie was lit and Ryuko took a large drag. She made sure to let it out at such an angle that the smoke would travel to where Satsuki was sitting. *Don't cough,* she urged herself, all while fighting the itching sensation in her lungs. *Only fuckin' nerds cough, Matoi!*

After a tentative throat clearing that was more like gagging on her own breath, Ryuko eventually took another drag. One that was a bit smoother than her first.

The effects kicked in quick, thankfully, and Ryuko sighed in relief. Such a weight had been lifted off her shoulders. The weight of dealing with Satsuki, Queen Bitch. It was a wonder she had been able to deal at all with her silent treatment, what did she have to be so angry about anyways? Ryuko figured it had to be because of the whole banging her mother thing. Why couldn't Satsuki realize it wasn't that big of a deal?

"Ah, so hey," Ryuko paused to consider what she was about to say next- then opened her mouth to continue on her next breath. Satsuki had ignored her long enough; she deserved what was about to come next. "Look, I get it okay?"

She took another long drag off the doobie and kept going as she let it out, only gagging a little on the smoke.

"I fucked your mom." Satsuki's typing stopped abruptly; Ryuko continued. "I get it, it's uncomfortable. It's every middle-schooler's worst nightmare. Your mom brought home some weirdo one afternoon and that was that. I frickin' get it."

Satsuki angled her eyes at Ryuko and for the first time it was entirely disgust and not an ounce of resentment. It felt like a hard won victory to Ryuko.

“But yah gotta get over it at some point,” Ryuko took another puff and looked up in contemplation. *What is something she would never want to hear?* “I mean, look, I’ll be honest Kiryuin, your mom is a perfect cougar. A real feisty lady. *And* she seemed really into me too. I think this just might be it for ol’ Matoi, finally settling down-”

With her mouth gaping open, appalled at every word that had tumbled out of Ryuko’s mouth, Satsuki smacked her laptop shut and stomped out of the room. Laptop. She wheeled around in the doorway, pausing just long enough to shoot Ryuko a *scathing* glare, and then slammed the door with enough force the spoon in Ryuko’s cereal bowl rattled.

An intoxicating sensation rose in Ryuko’s chest and it pulled at the corners of her mouth, turning her lips up into a grin. She reached down to the kotatsu, refilled the bowl with cereal and milk, and propped her feet up on the table.

“Fuck yea this is the life.”

That next Saturday, Satsuki found herself enjoying a quiet moment nestled amongst a throng of white throw pillows on a bright windowsill. The day was sunny, and the warmth that seeped in through the glass beside her left her dozing as she attempted to read. The lines kept blurring together, though, so she set the book to the side and sipped idly at the cup of tea she had noticed Soroi, her personal butler, had left for her without her even noticing his presence.

All in all, it felt like a perfect Saturday morning. Ryuko hadn’t been around at all; not in the mansion, not in Satsuki’s own basement-home, and not outside the front door waiting—Satsuki had checked just for good measure. On top of that, Ragyo was also nowhere to be found. Satsuki would’ve expected her to sniff her out sooner rather than later but she was, mercifully, absent. There passed a fleeting moment when Satsuki wondered if maybe she had gone to work, or maybe she’d finally crashed her own limo off a cliff, either way this meant that she was finally *finally* able to get some peace and quiet.

I hope that grotsky old swan finally bit it, Satsuki mused, enjoying the fantasy where Ragyo never returned. For good measure, she practiced looking shocked and devastated for a few minutes. *Yes, thank you for coming to the funeral. Yes, it’s been a trying time. Thank you for being here.* Eventually Satsuki abandoned the train of thought, and paused to sip from her teacup.

If Ragyo is a swan than Ryuko must be the ugly duckling. Satsuki paused to take in her surroundings. The basement offered her privacy but lacked a certain amount of... well, sunlight. She examined her pale hand against the white pillows with some distaste towards the similarity in color. *I suppose I must be a swan as well...*

Just as soon as the thought had crossed her mind, Satsuki heard the front door screech open. There was the lilting of laughter, the rustling sounds of plastic bags being manhandled, and the unmistakable scent of jasmine.

She immediately felt uncomfortable. There was nothing quite like being caught in the wrong place at the wrong time. Especially when the wrongness involved the two people Satsuki had been hoping to avoid for the rest of eternity. To add to all of the awkwardness, Satsuki couldn't help but let her ears pry into the conversation they had carried into the foyer.

"... that was great," it was Ryuko's voice, grating and higher in pitch than usual.

"Oh honey, we haven't *even* achieved greatness yet," and that was Ragyo. Satsuki couldn't help the silent retch she gagged on.

A war was raging inside of her. One side determined to tell her legs to flee immediately-straight through the foyer and tumbling down the damn stairs if she must. The other told her to be patient and wait. Nothing would be worse than being found out for the eavesdropper she'd been. However little she wanted to admit to that being the case.

The patient prey animal in her won out and Satsuki curled her knees into her chest and waited. Ryuko's laughter, an evil-valley-girl-step-sister-esque thing, rose at the implications of Ragyo's previous flirt.

"Now, what could that possibly mean?" Ryuko's voice was smarmy and Satsuki could just tell by the way the bags rustled suggestively that she'd hammed up the sentiment by leaning into Ragyo's body.

Rock and a hard place, Kiryuin, Satsuki chided herself. *First was the rock, and now...*

"Oh *mon cherie~*," there was the clattering of clothing hangers against tile and the rustling of plastic bags. Satsuki regretted waiting. Her mind was bound to come up with something, something possibly worse than what was already happening in that foyer.

That was enough to make up her mind. A shamefully pitiful amount of pros to the mountains of cons she was sure this was bound to have on her psyche. So she shot up from where she'd been perched in the windowsill and, bare feet slapping like fish flippers on the marble flooring, marched her way out into the foyer.

Satsuki channeled her biggest dick energy as she rounded the doorway and was finally put face-to-face with the heinous pair. It was just about as bad as she'd imagined. Ragyo had Ryuko by the waist, dipping her lowly and sweetly as a swooning bride, their lips nearly touching. God, Ryuko's breasts were even nearly hanging out of the low cut blouse that still stank of a Nordstrom's perfume section. Satsuki cleared her throat, channeling her inner 60-year-old chain-smoker, and squared her shoulders.

As soon as she did, Ragyo's head snapped to the side to capture her in the depths of her passionate gaze. It was a lot and Satsuki had to quickly look away. She settled on glaring at an absolutely outrageous pair of purple pleather pants that looked *just* about Ryuko's size.

"Satsuki dear~," she glanced up just in time to watch as Ragyo whipped her hands out from underneath Ryuko's body, letting her drop to the floor like a sack of potatoes. Ryuko seemed to jumble to the ground like her body was *actually* filled with potatoes, rolling and bouncing across the floor at different angles. "I didn't know you were home today, sweetie."

"Yes, well, I do *live* here, mother. So, please, if you could take your *indiscretions* elsewhere," Satsuki side-stepped the pair as she spoke. Ryuko was attempting to gather herself up from the floor, grumbling and rubbing her buttocks with her palm. "I will be relieving myself to my quarters."

The door to her basement dwelling was in sight. All she had to do was reach out and- "Oh, but honey, wouldn't you feel more relieved joining us for a fashion show of sorts?"

It was the ice cold touch of serpent scales that slithered across Satsuki's wrist and reduced her to a frozen statue of a person. Every muscle in her body was paralyzed. She flicked her eyes to the side, watching in silent terror as Ragyo seemed to glide up beside her as she held Satsuki captive by the wrist.

"After all, we just got back from an extravaganza of sorts and I was wanting to show off my," she was pulling Satsuki back, back away from her safe haven downstairs and towards a certainly *terrible* time. Ragyo took an agonizingly long pause as she forcibly dragged Satsuki, heels grinding against the floor, back into the foyer proper. "*sweet little play thing.*"

Satsuki almost yarfed. In fact, she could feel the bile rise in her throat before choking it back down. She was in a nightmare. She didn't want to be there anymore. "Mother," she stopped herself moments before tacking on a please, "Mother, let me go this instant."

Ragyo's grip remained the same, firm and beyond powerful in its threat of existence. However, to Satsuki's chagrin, Ryuko piped up as she was being hauled past her. "Yea, c'mon, join us for a bit."

There was just the faintest undertone of pleading. God, it was just the tiniest bit in the way Ryuko had pitched high the 'c'mon'. It was the only reason Satsuki let herself be taken into the dining hall; Ryuko needed her.

Before she could begin to seriously consider the thought, she was damn near slammed into a chair that Ragyo and pulled out from the beneath the dining table. Satsuki's tailbone landed firmly on the unpadded surface and it took her all she was worth not to let out a shriek of pain.

It took no time at all for Ragyo to set up her sick interpretation of a fashion show. The lights were dimmed through the hall, and in the darkness Satsuki could make out the chiming noise of the servant bell being rang throughout the house. There were the sounds of chairs screeching against flooring, the tentative shuffling of feet, and the ever-present but hushed whispers of other people.

Oh god, Satsuki thought to herself as the air around her whirled with the activity of other bodies, *she's really going to do this .*

As if reading Satsuki's mind, there was a sudden and harsh flash of brilliant white light and there she was. Kiryuin Ragyo; calm and collected, standing atop their dining room table like it's entire purpose had been to hold her weight in the first place.

“Now everyone,” she cooed, and Satsuki’s right eye twitched at how disgustingly sultry it was. “ my dear little Ryuko is going to show us the outfits we picked out today.”

Ragyo paused and Satsuki could see her chest heave with a deep and exaggerated breath.

“So all of you clap and cheer or I’ll spank your bottoms.”

The matter-of-fact tone in her voice left Satsuki reeling and she couldn’t help the slow-blink of surprise she gave. Before she could protest though, Ragyo had seated herself beside her and Satsuki began to hear the tell tale *chk chk chk* of her trying to get her lighter started up. *Of course.* Satsuki thought, *Every proper French woman smokes when she’s aroused.*

She eventually managed to spark the lighter and inhale the flame through the cigarette. The smoke billowed from between her pursed lips and melted into the darkness like television static as the spotlight that had been shining began to dim. The room turned to a dark abyss once more, the air still swollen and oppressive with the anticipation of nervous bodies.

From somewhere in the room club music began blaring. Satsuki could feel the thud of the bass in her core, and she knew from reading multiple scientific articles on sound that this was the sort of noise that could cause her to go deaf. So she reached up and plugged her ears with her index fingers, sighing heavily at the idea of having to do so through the entirety of the *event*.

Before she could get comfortable, though, the spotlight snapped back on, temporarily blinding everyone in the room. Or at least that’s what Satsuki thought until she went to take her next breath and was greeted with lungfuls of smoke. She struggled to hold in the cough that was going to escape her, instead having a moment of nearly silent fits that imitated a cat gagging on a hairball.

Again the slithering sensation of Ragyo’s fingers wrapping around her wrist forced Satsuki’s fingers out of her ears. She hesitantly opened her eyes to witness Ryuko up on the “stage”, her face confident but her reddened cheeks belying her true embarrassment. Ragyo continued to pull at Satsuki’s wrist, forcing her to tear her eyes away from Ryuko and the horrendously gaudy purple pleather tube dress she was stuffed into.

“Satsuki dear,” and she emphasized the ‘dear’ with an exhale of smoke right into Satsuki’s face, “ isn’t that dress absolutely stunning on Ryuko?”

Satsuki blinked slowly. Ragyo’s gaze was glued to Ryuko, watching as she pivoted and turned to head back down the runway. A brief flash of hungry lust clouded Ragyo’s eyes and Satsuki *knew* she was staring at Ryuko’s ass as she walked away. She wouldn’t admit it but it took her all she was worth to not glance in the same direction; she was, obviously, uninterested in whatever that appalling piece of clothing was doing to Ryuko’s body.

The room was a wall of noise. The music, the clapping- it was bound to drive Satsuki insane. She reached again to plug her ears but Ragyo held her fast, choosing instead to thread her fingers between Satsuki’s in a lovers hand hold. It would have been a rather motherly sentiment if not for the way Ragyo visibly chewed on the inside of her lower lip, something Satsuki only ever saw when she knew her mother was frustrated. Frustrated in *any* capacity.

“Ooo, Satsuki look, this one is my *favorite*,” Ragyo nudged Satsuki in the ribs with her elbow. In the safety of the rooms noise, Satsuki let out a low growl at the action, full of contempt at everything that was going on.

The was until she humored Ragyo on accident and glanced up at the stage. Satsuki nearly lost it at the sight of Ryuko up there, wearing the dumbest outfit she’d ever seen and Satsuki had seen some *BAD* outfits before. Courtesy of her mother.

Satsuki got to see the whole thing in all its glory while being sat at the head of the “runway”. The first thing she noticed was that the body of the outfit appeared to be some sort of sick interpretation of a white one piece bathing suit. It stuck to her body and intimately hugged the expanse of her abdomen and pelvis, highlighting the curves with long veins of blue. The... leggings, Satsuki decided that was the closest approximation she could make to any other article of clothing she knew, were mysteriously attached to Ryuko’s upper thigh and billowed down over her legs like bell-bottom jeans. There were gaps between where the “leggings” stopped and the swimsuit started, causing the pale flash of Ryuko’s inner thighs to be laid bare to the crowd. Then to top off the entire thing, she was wearing a plasticy white jacket. Even ten feet away from it Satsuki could smell the stink of cheap halloween plastic radiating off of it.

Now, Satsuki wasn’t one to day dream but the sight of Ryuko having to sport that outfit had her imagining a huge bucket of water raining down on top of Ryuko from above. It maybe wouldn’t even take that much water from the looks of the material the body piece was made out of, but it would certainly become transparent and force Matoi to sport her nude body to the crowd. Just before Satsuki cut the thought off she imagined Ryuko’s gasp of surprise and her late response to covering her exposed nipples, her entire chest easily visible through the sheer material.

Satsuki crossed her legs and tried not to let her hand squeeze down on Ragyo’s invading fingers.

Then Ryuko turned around. It was like a knee-jerk reaction and before Satsuki could clamp her mouth shut she’d let herself bark out a few notes of unrestrained laughter. The entire ass of the outfit was missing! It was the funniest shit she’d ever seen in her whole god damn life and her mirth carried itself above the intense throbbing of the music playing.

Ragyo snapped her eyes to the side and pinned Satsuki with a knowing look. She didn’t even need to say what was on her mind, Satsuki could hear the phrase, “*Spank your bottoms*” reverberating inside her skull and her entire body tensed. Except for that damn traitor hand of hers, taken captive in Ragyo’s own palm; that she left limp. She’d not have Ragyo taking any gratification from her accidentally giving any semblance of reciprocated hand-holding.

Ryuko would have been able to hide her violent blush at Satsuki’s barking laughter--with her back already turned--if her ass hadn’t further betrayed her by blushing along with her face. Mirth bubbled up inside Satsuki at the sight and she nearly started laughing again.

You deserve this, Matoi, Satsuki thought smugly. She let her eyes linger on those rosy butt cheeks a few seconds longer before turning her attention to the more important matter at hand. When she glanced back at Ragyo, Satsuki found that she was again entranced with

Ryuko's exit. Her eyes, so seemingly hungry that they looked to be salivating, didn't err in the slightest even as Ryuko disappeared at the end of the table into billowing drapes. Satsuki hated to imagine that there could be any more outfits, the fashion show had already seemed to drag on far too long.

To her chagrin, Ryuko emerged in yet another outfit. Even at a distance, Satsuki was relieved to see that almost no skin was showing. Instead, she was wearing a particularly conservative outfit- a dark blue pant suit with a white button up shirt tucked neatly underneath a pin-striped vest. Satsuki paused and squinted at the sight.

"Is that-" she started but stopped. *It is*, she continued internally, not wanting to speak out loud even if Ragyo shouldn't have been able to hear her. *That's my fucking pant suit.*

As Ryuko got closer and closer, Satsuki got more certain of the fact that she was wearing her own clothing. The pants were even a bit baggy around Ryuko's ankles and hips, her frame not nearly as tall or filled out as Satsuki's own. Just looking at it caused a feeling like molten lava in Satsuki's chest.

MATOI, and as Satsuki pinned Ryuko with a glare that would kill anyone who could actually read body language, Satsuki cursed her. *I am going to END you.*

"Oh my~," Ragyo trilled beside her and Satsuki realized, far too late, that in her muted rage she had squeezed onto the hand holding hers captive. As if being courted, Ragyo dipped her head to the side and away from Satsuki, feigning embarrassment- no, that wasn't right. She was being *bashful*, fawning over Satsuki coquettishly and covering her grin with the back of her free hand. "Oh Satsuki, are you getting excited while watching Ryuko wear your clothing?"

Damning the consequences she ripped her hand from out of Ragyo's grasp and crossed her arms over her chest; huffing loudly through her nose. Did she dare even acknowledge Ragyo's slight with a response? She decided after a few beats that no, she definitely wasn't going to respond. Satsuki didn't want a repeat of her "drunken" argument from the other night.

Ryuko, who was mid-turn at the end of the runway, was greeted with a brazen wolf whistle from somewhere out in the crowd and suddenly Ragyo was no longer interested in Satsuki. Instead she was skimming her eyes like a carrion bird looking for prey over the swarm of people.

Now's my chance, and Satsuki ever so gently slid out of the seat she'd been forced into and onto her hands and knees on the floor. *Okay, now to abscond from this hell...*

In the dark of the room, it was difficult for Satsuki to ascertain what sort of tribulations she was going to have to overcome to get back to the foyer. She scooted along briskly at first, wanting to put some distance between herself and Ragyo before she was found out. In her haste she found herself bumping up against a forest of legs, and all she could do was attempt to not go *through* someone's legs. She kept her eyes trained downwards towards the milky marble of the flooring that was like ice beneath her palms, not wanting to glance up and accidentally get an eyeful of something... unfortunate.

A few smashed fingers and bruised ribs later, and Satsuki had managed to escape. Behind her she could hear the crowd clapping and cheering; Ryuko likely displaying yet another outfit.

Just in time, Satsuki thought while standing to her feet and dusting herself off with the back of her hands. She hobbled towards her basement, one of her legs having fallen asleep during her escapade, and opened the door.

Relief washed over her as she glanced back and saw that no one had followed her. Especially thankful that it seemed Ragyo was too preoccupied to follow her as well. She shut the door and took a *deep* breath that she let out in an elongated sigh.

Satsuki was still feeling some sort of way. It was a raw sensation, and as she turned it over inside of her like a malformed object in her palms, she attempted to feel out the edges of it as best she could. There was definitely rage in there, spitting and fuming, so upset that her day had been ruined by her mother yet again. It was only fueled by the thought of Ryuko; how dare her! It was bad enough when Ragyo was alone, but Ryuko seemed to be unlocking bad behaviors in her as if she owned the key ring to Ragyo's self-control. The situation was starting to get out of hand.

But just like that, the sensations in her warped and shifted again as Satsuki dawdled on thoughts of Ryuko. She was a pain. Obtuse, unfortunate, and abrasive. Ryuko was the sort of person that made Satsuki want to throw fists; and she was starting to worry with the way her emotions were that she might. Violence wasn't a solution that Satsuki often reached for, but she figured if Ryuko was dumb enough to not latch onto the predatory signals Ragyo was sending her way then Satsuki might just need to beat sense into her afterall.

Ryuko has no idea what sort of trouble she's in, Satsuki thought as she took the first step to head downstairs on the leg that was asleep.

Her knee, incapable of supporting her weight with as little blood was pumping through it, proceeded to give out and she tumbled down the flight of stairs to the bottom. Lying on her back, groaning, Satsuki sighed again.

"Damn you," she growled, pinning the event on thinking about Ryuko instead of paying attention to the stairs.

Satsuki's anger was determined and resolute. She would confront that idiot, *Matoi Ryuko*, and she would force her to see reason!

It was three in the morning and Matoi Ryuko was sitting at the bottom of the grand staircase in the Kiryuin manor, panting like a dog. After nearly ten hours, Ragyo had finally let her go, and for that Ryuko truly believed she had earned every dollar that she'd been paid.

Something in the back of her mind was worming its way to the front. She was exhausted, and even as she stood to try and leave she could feel the stinging and burning of every love mark that had been left across her skin. For the first time in her life Ryuko was certain she had met her sexual superior. Ragyo had put her through her paces, demanding more and more and

more of her every time they'd gone back at it. In comparison to her usually useless sexual partners, this encounter felt different.

She felt like she was being used.

Ryuko swallowed hard and forced herself to begin hobbling towards the front door only to stop as she decided that she was in too much pain to climb into the back of an Uber and wait an hour to get home. *I need some ice or something.*

Searching for the kitchen would be useless. Ryuko already got lost just trying to find the master bathroom and that was *inside* the master bedroom she was already well acquainted with. So instead she swiveled around on her heel and headed towards the opposite side of the foyer; eyes focused on the out of place door to the basement.

This time she grabbed the knob and found the door to be mercifully unlocked. *Thank god*, she thought and began to open it. *There's no way I was going to be getting back on my knees to crawl through that fucking doggy door.*

Patting around on the wall inside of the door, Ryuko managed to find a light switch and flicked it on. Warm light temporarily blinded her as the darkness of the stairwell was whisked away by multiple sconces that lined the wall. Once she was half way down the stairs she could hear the scraping of dense nails on the floor and the clanging of metal tags. Stella rounded the corner at the end of the hall and as soon as Ryuko saw her she grinned.

But instead of coming any closer, Stella sat down and whined softly at Ryuko.

“What’s wrong, lady?” Ryuko asked Stella, proceeding to move forward with mild worry.
“Are you mad at me or somethin’?”

“Matoi!” a voice boomed from within the darkness of the room behind Stella. Ryuko froze; a cold panic setting into the space between her shoulder blades.

As if materializing from the shadows, Satsuki appeared behind Stella. There were deep lines between her furrowed brows and her mouth was down turned into what Ryuko could only describe as a full on scowl. She looked **MAD**.

“O-oi, Kiryuin hold up-” she started but was immediately cut off as Satsuki barreled into her. Ryuko slammed against the hallway wall, her hands desperately attempting to pull away the object that was strangling her but Satsuki’s hands continued to hold it firm all while making an awkward amount of eye contact.

“How **dare** you!” she started, momentarily pulling back so that she could properly cross-check Ryuko across the chest with what she now realized was a sheathed katana.

“What are you doing?!?” Ryuko growled, grabbing Satsuki by the shoulders and trying to shove her away to no avail. “What the fuck sort of weeb are you?! Huh?! Who the fuck just owns a katana?!”

All Ryuko got for her sass was a particularly harsh headbutt. Grey blotches swam in her vision for a moment and she fruitlessly attempted to blink them away.

“Fuck! What is your head made of, Kiryuin?!?” a knee came up between her legs and Ryuko squeaked at the sudden and somewhat inappropriate contact.

It was as she focused on Satsuki’s eyes again that she realized that doing so was a mistake. They were blazing with unbridled rage- and passion. That was what threw Ryuko, it looked like the most intense bedroom eyes she’d been given in her whole life. As if reading her thoughts, Ryuko watched Satsuki’s eyes flit for the briefest moment to her lips before looking back up as Ryuko immediately did the same thing.

Shit, they both thought before mutually leaning in to the kiss they’d both wordlessly agreed to.

To Ryuko’s chagrin, Satsuki kissed her with enough force to knock the back of her skull against the drywall once more, all the while keeping Ryuko pinned there with her weapon and knee. Ryuko’s lips were searing in agony, already thoroughly abused, but she continued to return the attention with the grazing of her teeth and tongue. She dug her nails into Satsuki’s shoulders and Satsuki let out a soft hiss that caused a clenching heat between Ryuko’s legs. It didn’t help that Satsuki’s knee seemed to be grinding against her in *just* the right way.

Their passionate make out session stopped just as fast as it had started and Ryuko found herself dazed; swimming up through her thoughts to try and surface in time to figure out what the hell was going on. When she did, her vision came into focus on Satsuki’s face, their foreheads were resting together. Her eyebrows were still smooshed together, the wrinkles on her face like vast canyons, and Ryuko could swear it looked like she was in pain.

“Leave.” she spat the word, suddenly removing herself from Ryuko’s space and turning to head back into the darkness of the living room she’d appeared from before. “Before-” she started but stopped, never turning to look back at Ryuko.

The silence was immense. It felt like there was an ocean between them, and Ryuko couldn’t stop feeling like she was lost at sea. There was a hot iron rod being shoved through her chest, and she was about to bark back a biting insult when Satsuki spoke before her.

“Never come back here, Matoi.” and before Ryuko could get a word in edgewise Satsuki left.

With Satsuki no longer there to support her, Ryuko slid down the wall until she was a defeated pile on the floor. There was a tumultuous storm brewing within her; rage, lust, confusion. But more than anything else, all Ryuko could feel was hurt. It throbbed in her temples and tore at her chest until the stinging of tears in her eyes brought her full circle to being just plain mad again.

As if sensing her distress, Stella plodded over and gracelessly plopped by her side, her meaty head coming to rest on Ryuko’s shoulder so that she could lick at her cheek. She stayed there with Ryuko until she finally willed herself to the couch, rebelliously refusing to acknowledge Satsuki’s demand, and unceremoniously passed out.

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